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## LETTER II.

TO

MR. JAMES CROPPER,

A QUAKER MERCHANT OF  
LIVERPOOL.

*On his Letter to Mr. Wilberforce,  
relating to East India-Sugar,  
West India-Sugar, and the  
Slave Trade.*

Kensington, 30. July, 1821.

FRIEND CROPPER,

In my last, I stated the case of the West India Planters very fairly. I showed, that you had unfairly stated the case, in a trafficking point of view; and I promised, that, as to the question of the slave-trade, I would shave off the brim of thee and thy "friend William," so very close to your hair, that all the world should see your faces and be able to watch the workings of your cunning features.

That promise I am now about to fulfil; but, let me guard myself against the effect of a belief, that I wish to favour, or even to assist to protect from ruin, the

West India Planters, the greater part of whom, and the *most active* of whom, I abhor, not because they have negroe slaves, but because they have been amongst the worst of the miscreants who have endeavoured to *enslave Englishmen*, who have, to the utmost of their miserable talents and with all the weight of their purses, upheld those infamous corruptions, for combatting which, and for endeavouring to remove them, so many good men have been either killed or ruined. In short, these West-Indians have been and are bitter enemies of the cause of *Reform*; without that Reform they must now be ruined; and their ruin, proceeding from this cause, will give me singular satisfaction.

Let me also explain myself clearly as to *Slavery*. I wish it were wholly destroyed; but, then, I am ready to dispense, and to dispense in my own person, with the use of *sugar* and *coffee*; for, my opinion is, that they are not to be had by us, in any considerable quantities, *without the employment of slaves*.

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That the Negroes are a race of beings *inferior* to white men I do not take upon me to assert; for black is as good a *colour* as white; and the Baboon may, for any thing I know or care, be *higher* in the scale of nature than man. Certainly the Negroes are of a *different* sort from the Whites. An almost complete absence of the reasoning faculties, a sort of dog-like grin, and a *ya-ya-ya* laugh, when spoken to, may be, for any thing that I know, marks of *superiority*; and, indeed, we should be disposed to adopt this opinion, if we were to draw our conclusions from the choice which has, in some countries, been made of white men to be invested with power; for, they come very near to Negroes in all respects except colour of skin and smell of carcass. I am, therefore, not presumptuous enough to take upon me to assert, that the Blacks are not the *superior* beings; but, I deny all *equality*. They are a *different* race; and for Whites to mix with them is not a bit less odious than the mixing with those creatures which, unjustly apparently, we call beasts. Nevertheless I would not *enslave* them; and yet, if I were so unfortunate as to be the ruler of a s'ave-

country, I would not be induced by canting hypocrites to set them free to cut the throats of their owners; for *free* they cannot be, in any considerable numbers, without a total change as to property and as to the security to life. They will not work unless *compelled* to work. They are true *sinecure* gentlemen and ladies. You refer to the *United States*, and I shall do the same, by-and-by, in answer to the falsehoods you state as to that country. But, that *free* negroes will not *work*, except pushed by sheer hunger, bordering on starvation, the United States exhibit ample proof.

If I were to tell you, that they are the *thieves of the country*; that *biting dogs* and *ready-loaded guns* are kept in the exact proportion to the number of free negroes in a township; that they form nine-tenths of the paupers and criminals of the country; that not a word that they say can be believed; that, with regard to them, *falseness* is the rule and *truth* the exception. If I were to tell you this, you would lay your broad brim on one side, give it a shake, draw down your eyelids, screw up your lips, and *mean* that I was telling a lie. I will, therefore, meet you with a

notorious fact, complete, conclusive as to the point, and one that even you will not venture to deny.

The United States is, at this time, and has been for many years, a place of *refuge* for the oppressed, enterprising and industrious. Thousands of this description go thither every year. The main part go to better their lot; to find the means of good living in exchange for their labour; and there they do find that which they seek. Lands are superabundant; the climate favourable to all products; abundance is *sure* to be the reward of labour; and the taxes are so light as to leave to every one the whole of his earnings. It is a country incessantly calling for hands to labour, and offering to every labourer *three days* provision, clothing, lodging and even a great superabundance of all these, in return for *one day's labour*.

Well, in that very country there is a project going on to induce the *free negroes to emigrate!* Nay, the thing has, to a certain extent, been actually put into *execution!* The *philanthropists* there are holding council with our precious expensive *Sierra Leone* Affair on the subject. In short, some American free-negroes have

been sent to form "a *Colony*" in Africa. And, what has been the result? Why, that they complain of two things: only two; namely, that they are *compelled to work*, and that *provisions enough are not sent from America!*

You may *deny* this last fact, but you cannot deny the existence of the *project* and the *Colony*. You cannot deny, that the Americans (in great part Quakers) have voluntarily *subscribed large sums of money to get the free negroes out of the country*, while the emigration of Irish, German, and other labourers is looked upon, and very justly, as a great advantage to that same country.

Thou canst twist and spin, friend Cropper, and leer out a calumny or a falsehood as cleverly as thy "*assured friend*" *Isaac Wright* of New York; but, thou canst not leer away this fact; and yet, this must be done, or here is the sure and certain *proof*, that Negroes will not work but from *compulsion*, and that free-negroes, though not forming a fiftieth part of the population of the state (which is the case in Pennsylvania where the project originated), are a burden and a pest to society.

So much for the character of negroes generally and for the con-

sequences of their emancipation. And now we come to *your professions*, friend Cropper, and the sincerity of those professions. You say, that you entered into the East India trade, "being persuaded that the cultivation (of sugar) by *free men* in the country of their birth must be cheaper than by *the transportation of slaves from Africa to the West Indies*;" and that you wish, for love of the cause of *freedom*, to encourage the East India sugar trade.

In the first place, you well know, that no slaves are transported from Africa to our West India Islands; and, yet, who, from reading your letter, would not suppose, that this was the case? Therefore, here is another *lie* in the words of truth. This is like friend ISAAC: "it is three o'clock, and I'll fetch thee the *policy*." You do not say, that slaves are now transported from Africa to our West India Islands; but, you leave it to be *believed*, as a matter of course, though you *know the fact to be false*. And this, friend Cropper, whatever thou mayest think of it, is *lying*, and very wicked lying too, because it tends to your *own gain* and to the *injury of your neighbour*. Screw up your lips there, then, and now let us go on.

You say, as plainly as you can say any thing, that the *East India sugar* is cultivated by *free men*. Now, friend Cropper, the whole of *our India*, as we call it, is *enslaved*. All are the slaves of the thing called the Company, from the highest to the lowest. There is an *imprimatur on the press*, and, at any time, any one even an European, may, without so much as cause assigned, be seized, forced on board of ship, and sent out of the country! What are thy ideas of *slavery*, friend Cropper, if this be to be *free*? Aye, say you, but this is not like *West India slavery*. Here is no *property* that one man has in another. So, then, as long as this circumstance is wanting, you will not call it slavery. To rob the poor devils of almost their very teeth; to plunder them of every thing short of the bare means of existing; to plant *bayonets* round the fields when the crops are getting ripe to prevent the "owner" from taking away more than the poor pittance that is to be left him; to harass incessantly, to take composition for even life itself; to commit on men, in short, all sorts of extortions, violences and cruelties, with perfect impunity; is, according to you, to leave them "*free men*."



still, so that they be not *property*; so that they cannot be bought and sold, or mortgaged, or let out, like *cattle*!

This is your idea of *freedom*; but, even here thy shuffle will not save thee; even here, in this meaning of the words, even according to this outrageous insult to common sense, *thou liest*, and that, too, this time, in plain terms; for, the East India sugar is raised by slaves; by slaves who are *property*; by slaves who are *bought and sold*; by slaves who are *mortgaged*; by slaves who are *let out* as cattle are; and all this thou knowest, too, or thou art that sort of *fool* which I am sure I do not take thee for.

That India is a country of *slavery*, of *plunder*, of *cruelties* elsewhere unheard of, we all know, if we know any thing beyond the limits of this Island. In short, it is so notorious, that, when a fellow from the East goes to settle in any part of England, even the common people call his riches "*blood-money*." They do not know, however, that, *at last*, it is their *own money*, the fruit of their *own earnings*; of which I shall say more by-and-by. The object, the vile slavery of India is notorious. The cruelties inflicted upon the poor timid crea-

tures of that country have rung throughout the world. But, the real state of that part of the miserable wretches who actually *do the work on the plantations* is not so generally known as it ought to be, though there can be no doubt of your being acquainted with the matter.

Their state is pretty well described by Dr. FRANCIS BUCHANNAN, who, during the sway of the *Elder Wellesley*, was ordered by him to take a sort of *Survey* of the country; and the account of this survey the Doctor published in England, in a thick quarto book, in 1807, under the *authority* of that precious tribe, called the "*Honourable*" *East India Company*.

This account gives such a picture of human degradation, that it is impossible to read it without flinging down the book fifty times in an hour, stung half to death with indignation and rage. This Scotchman appears to have no shame in detailing acts of the most monstrous oppression and cruelty. He seems, like all the Scotch philosophers that I have ever read, to look upon the mass of mankind merely as *cattle*; and when he complains of *ill treatment* of them, it is in the way that we speak of the ill

treatment of cows and pigs ; that is to say that it is *unprofitable* to treat them ill. I will now friend CROPPER, treat thee to an extract from this book, pages 370 and 371, and I beg thee, when thou hast read it, to look into thy glass, and then say, whether thou thinkest that there are many faces to match thine upon the face of this earth. Remember, this is an *authority* quite complete. You must deny the *existence of the book*, or show that my quotation is false ; or you must acknowledge, that you are a *slave trader yourself* ; for, your ships are employed in bringing away the produce of the toil of slaves. You can shuffle and shuffle and shuffle ; but, you cannot shuffle out of this. You can cant and cant and cant ; but you cannot cant these words off the paper. Remember, that they are the words of a "*Servant*" of the East India Company, and that that servant made his survey under the orders of the *Elder Wellesley* ! What do you want more ? Remember, too, that the author was a *Scotchman*, and that he had begun his career in the *West Indies*. Bear these things in mind, and then read, and see if you have virtue enough left to send up a blush !

"By far the greater part of

" the labour in the field is per-  
 " formed by *Slaves* or *Churmar*.  
 " These are the *absolute property*  
 " of their *Devarus*, or lords, and  
 " may be employed in any work  
 " that their masters please. They  
 " are not attached to the soil,  
 " but *may be sold*, or transferred  
 " in any manner that the master  
 " thinks fit, only a husband and  
 " wife cannot be sold separately ;  
 " but *children may be separated*  
 " *from their parents*, and bro-  
 " thers from their sisters. The  
 " slaves are of different casts,  
 " such as *Parriar*, *Vullam*,  
 " *Canacun*, *Erilay*, &c. ; and  
 " the differences in the customs  
 " by which the marriages of  
 " these casts are regulated occa-  
 " sion a considerable variation in  
 " the right of the master to the  
 " children of his slaves, accord-  
 " ing to the cast to which  
 " they belong. The master is  
 " considered as bound to give  
 " the slave a certain allowance of  
 " provisions : a man or woman,  
 " while capable of labour, re-  
 " ceives two *Edangallies* of rice  
 " *in the hush*, weekly, or two-  
 " *sevenths of the allowance* that  
 " *I consider as reasonable for*  
 " *persons of all ages included*.  
 " Children, and old persons past  
 " labour, get *one half only of*  
 " *this pittance* ; and no allowance

" *whatever is made for infants.*  
 " This would be totally inadequate to support them; but the  
 " slaves on each estate get one-  
 " twenty-first part of the gross produce of the rice, in order to encourage them to care and industry. A male slave annually gets  
 " *seven cubits of cloth* and a woman fourteen cubits. They  
 " *erect for themselves* small temporary huts, that are *little better than large baskets.* These  
 " are placed in the rice fields while the crop is on the ground, and near the stacks while it is thrashing. There are three  
 " modes of transferring the *usufruct of slaves.* The first is by  
 " *Jemum*, or sale, where the full value of the slave is given, and the property is entirely  
 " transferred to a new master, who is in some measure bound  
 " by his interest to attend to the welfare of his slave. A young  
 " man with his wife will sell for from 250 to 300 *Fanams*, or from  
 " 6l. 4s. 1½d. to 7l. 8s. 11½d. Two or three young children will  
 " add 100 *Fanams*, or 2l. 9s. 7½d. to the value of the family.  
 " Four or five children, two of whom are beginning to work, will  
 " make the family worth from 500 to 600 *Fanams*, or from 12l. 8s. 3d. to 14l. 17s. 11d. The

" second manner of transferring the labour of slaves is by *Cannum*, or mortgage. The proprietor receives a loan of money, generally two-thirds of the value of the slaves: he also receives annually a small quantity of rice, *to show that his property in the slaves still exists*; and he may reassume this property whenever he pleases to repay the money borrowed, for which in the mean while he pays no interest. In case of any of the slaves dying, he is held bound to supply another of *equal value.* The lender maintains the slaves, and has their labour for the interest of his money, and for their support. The third manner of employing slaves is by letting them for *Patom*, or rent. In this case, for a certain annual sum, the master gives them to another man; and the borrower commands their labour, and provides them with their maintenance. The annual hire is 8 *Fanams* (3s. 11½d.) for a man and half as much for a woman. These two tenures are utterly abominable, for the person who exacts the labour, and furnishes the subsistence of the slave, is *directly interested to increase*

“the former and diminish the latter as much as possible. In fact the slaves are very severely treated; and their diminutive stature and squalid appearance show evidently a want of adequate nourishment. There can be no comparison between their condition and that of the slaves in the West Indies.”

Now friend CROPPER, here are your “free men,” that cultivate this sugar and rice and indigo, which you import from the East in order to *prevent slave dealing in the West!* The Doctor was not only a hard Scotchman, but he had been in the West Indies in the bargain, and, therefore, was a very good judge of the two cases. Here, you see, the poor wretched creatures had, for a certainty, but *two sevenths* of what even this Scotchman deemed necessary to human sustenance! Is this the case with the West India Negroes? Much fault has been found, and, in some cases dare say, justly found, with the treatment of those negroes; but, did it ever yet occur to any body to accuse their masters of *keeping them in a state of half starvation?* At the time when Doctor Buchannan, wrote, the cultivation of sugar

had not been introduced in India or, at least, not to any extent; but all over the country he found the labour performed by slaves; SALEABLE slaves, MORTGAGEABLE slaves, RENTABLE slaves; and slaves, too, infinitely more ill treated than those in the West Indies; and the former slaves had, recollect, *hair* upon their heads instead of *wool*; had human faces, and the smell of other men.

In some places these East-India slaves are fed, and in almost all places, by a certain portion of rice, given to them *in the husk*. Generally the broken ears, as we toss down broken wheat ears to pigs and fowls. But, to enumerate the cruelties, the insults to human nature, recorded in this book, would be to copy the whole book from the beginning to the end. And these are your “free men,” friend CROPPER; and I dare say that thy “assured friend” ISAAC WRIGHT, your Packet Ship partner; would carry on the same hypocritical farce with as pious a look as you. Thy assured friend WILLIAM, who has made such a bellowing for the last forty years about the cruelties of the West Indians, has never opened his lips upon the subject of *East India slavery*,



though that is ten times more cruel and ten times more extensive. Thy friend WILLIAM had his reasons for this I dare say, as his friend and relation, STEPHEN, had for being the trumpeter to the late destructive and disgraceful American war, and for becoming, speedily afterwards, a Master in Chancery. Thy friend WILLIAM has seldom been without his reasons for being a constant supporter of the late wars and of power of imprisonment bills and Six-Acts; and, in short, of every one of those measures, which have created that *debt*, the consequences of which are now making the once insolent part of this community shake in their very shoes, while their knees knock together and their teeth chatter in their heads.

But, these reflections apart, what a figure do you cut, now that your brim is shaved off? Where is now your sincerity in telling the public, that you embarked in the East India trade for the purpose of giving encouragement to the "cultivation of sugar by the hands of free men?" And how completely do you stand convicted of the foulest calumny, and that, too, for the foulest and basest of purposes, in charging the West

India planters with *wishing to load the people of England with a tax*, for the purpose of acquiring the means of carrying on "a most infamous traffic!" You pretend to take the scripture for your guide; but appear to forget that *lying and slandering* are amongst the things forbidden by that scripture.

If you fare badly so far, better fare is not reserved for you, as to what you say about slavery in the *American States*. In paragraph 4 you say, that a "*friend*" of yours, who has lately been in America, "*states that the cotton-planters said, that the fall in price was not entirely a loss to them, for they had less inducement to work their Negroes hard, and they would increase faster; it hence appears, that a low price may pay under good treatment of the slaves, though it might not pay for that abuse of them which requires a continual fresh supply. The Slaves in America are rapidly increasing, and the reduced price of cotton will accelerate that increase, so that with the aid of supplies from India, when they shall again have a good crop (they have had two bad ones in succession), it may reasonably be*

"hoped will very soon, if not already done, put an end for ever to the importation of *Slaves* for the cultivation of this article."

Now, what do you mean by saying, "it may reasonably be hoped will very soon put an end for ever to the importation of *Slaves* for the cultivation of this article?" You must know that there is no importation of slaves into the American states, any more than there is into the English West India Islands; and yet, every one who reads your letter, and is weak enough to give credit to what you say, must think that there is an importation of slaves going on even in the United States, though you must well know the contrary to be the fact, the law being so positive and the penalty so severe.

However, this statement of thy friend and thy deductions from it, have another object in view; namely, that of exhibiting a contrast, between the American and the West India treatment of slaves, to the disadvantage of the latter. In paragraph 5 you say, that the slaves in America are now said to be increasing; but that you think that there is no increase in our importations from our West India colonies to indi-

cate any such increase of slaves there; and that a fall in the prices of sugar, which you wish to see take place, may probably have the effect, in the West Indies, of causing an increase of slaves.

Upon my word, friend CROPPER, yours is a strange sort of wish; that of seeing an abolition of slavery and that of seeing the number of slaves increase at the same time! But your broad brimmed beaver disguised this from you, while you were looking so sharply about for a contrast to support your calumny on the West India Planters. Dismissing this foolery, therefore, let us come to the facts. You say that a friend has told you, that the planters in America told him, that they (good kind souls!) worked their slaves less hard than formerly. Now I assert without any qualification, that, compared with the West India treatment of slaves, that of America is brutal in the extreme; and that things are done there, with regard to Slaves, and cruelties committed on Slaves, that would make even a Scotch negro driver, in the West Indies, shudder with horror. Nay, that the free negroes in the United States are treated in a way, and that with perfect

impunity, too, which would cause the perpetrator to be brought home from the West Indies and hanged at the Old Bailey amidst the applause of the multitude. You call it "*sufferings*" to be compelled to pay those tythes which you have *contracted to pay* when you have purchased or rented an estate. With all my soul I wish you had to endure a part at least of those sufferings, which, not the slaves only, but the *free negroes* have to indure in that country, whose humanity, compared to the cruelty of the West Indians, you have had the unprincipled audacity to proclaim, and in which you have been assisted by that at once silly and malignant creature, EGERTON SMITH, who, in the *Liverpool Mercury*, trumpets forth the effusions of your selfishness and malice, and calls you his "*respected townsman*," you having, I suppose, piles of advertisements, wherewith to repay his applause.

I do not, like you, rely on *hearsay*, or *pretended hearsay*. I appeal to authorities common to all men. I have before me a book, written by Mr. JESSY TORREY, a physician of Philadelphia; published there in 1817, and sent to me by him in 1819. This book

is entitled, "*A Picture of Domestic Slavery in the United States*;" and, amongst other things, it gives an account of the *Slave Trade carried on in free negroes*. It gives numerous instances of free negroes being seized on and carried away and sold to slave masters, and of the cruelties exercised in these cases. It relates instances of depravity hardly credible to human ears; that, for instance, of a slave owner actually *marrying* a female slave, and afterwards selling her with all the children he had had by her. Mr. TORREY mentions a "*gentleman*" who brought his half brother to Philadelphia with him and actually *offered him for sale*. He gives an account of many *white slaves*, who have descended from *black mothers*, and who are held and used as slaves to this hour. There is in the book a plate representing a drove of negroes, chained to each other, and marching in front of the "*Capitol*" of the far famed City of Washington, a sight which the author beheld with his own eyes. There is another plate representing a free negro who had been seized in Maryland by two Georgia slave dealers, the slave's arms pinioned, a rope going round his body and tied to the

tail of the horse of one of the dealers, and the other dealer following on horse-back whipping him along. There is another plate representing a black woman jumping out of a window to avoid the slave dealers, and the author himself saw her almost mashed to pieces. There are other plates descriptive of still more horrid acts. The author says "that the City of Washington is the *emporium of slavery*; "that free negroes are *annually collected there for transportation to these slave regions*; that "the *United States jail there is frequently occupied as a store-house for the slave merchants*; "and that some of the rooms in "a Tavern devoted chiefly to "that use, are occasionally so "crowded, that the occupants "hardly have space to extend "themselves upon the floor to "sleep."

What think you of that, friend CROPPER? Are you not a calumniator? Do the slave holders in America treat their slaves *more mildly than the West Indians*? It is a falsehood; and I verily believe, of your own invention. There are not wanting thousands and hundreds of thousands of men in the United States to view these atrocities

with indignation; several Governors, Judges, Authors, Legislators have earnestly endeavoured, but, hitherto, they have endeavoured in vain, to put an end to this scandal to their country; and how is it ever to be put an end to, *while men like you are found to give it your countenance and support, by publishing false accounts of the manner in which the slaves are treated*? Murders innumerable are committed there every year, which, in England, would, not indeed, bring a man to the gallows, for he would be torn to pieces by the people before he could reach the prison. And these murders; these horrible murders, are they ever *punished there*?

Mr. TORREY appears to have been resolved to expose these atrocities, let the consequence to himself be what they might. He was resolved that his country should *wipe off* the stain, or that the stain should be *seen*. He, doubtless, sent his book to me, in order that I might make its contents known in an extended sphere. I shall do this by republishing the book itself, which I shall do as soon as I can get an engraver to copy the plates; for, I am for *giving the devil his due*; and it must be a devil, indeed,



that can surpass in wickedness those slave-holders and slave-traders whom you have held up as an example to the West India planters.

When this book is reprinted, I will send a copy of it to thy friend WILLIAM, thy "*respected friend William*;" and if he really wish to diminish the horrors of negro slavery, his eye will be much more anxiously turned towards the slave-trade carried on *within* the United States, than towards the internal economy of the Island of Jamaica.

But, to return to your news from America, and to your statement respecting the increase of slaves there from their mild treatment, how does it tally with the statement of real facts, published in the face of the slave dealers by Mr. TORREY? If it were true that the low price of produce had induced the masters, in the cotton and rice districts, to work their negroes *less hard*, and if the negroes were, in consequence, *increasing in number*; if this were true, why should the cultivators of cotton and of rice, hold out an inducement to the negro stealing that is carried on in the middle states? There is *law* against this, at any rate,

though no *justice* can be obtained.

The *odium* is something, and the expence great, because, the trade, like that of smuggling, is usually carried on by night, and sometimes with considerable danger to life itself, seeing that the negroes, though often killed, sometimes kill a part of the banditti by whom they are seized. It is, therefore, not to be believed, that the slaves increase in the natural way, in the slave regions as fast as the masters desire, and thus that part of your representations, like all the rest, is manifestly false, and manifestly intended to serve your own purposes of gain and of calumny.

Now, friend CROPPER, I have fulfilled my promise. I have taken your brim off completely, and have placed you in full view before that public, which your cautioning appeal to the *Saints* was intended to cajole and deceive. I detest all the slave traffic; not so much, however (for I will be no hypocrite) on account of the slaves themselves, if they be *well fed and well treated*, as on *our own account*; knowing well as I do, that whatever the vile miscreants wring from the carcasses of slaves abroad, they use for the purpose of making *us* slaves at home. I detest the

vermin of both Indies. They are essentially dependant upon the government. If there be corruption or tyranny, they are essentially its most desperate adherents. Even this struggle between the East and West Indians makes both of them dependant. They are *necessarily*, under the present system of taxation, *enemies to the liberties and happiness of England*.

But, it must be confessed by every impartial man, that the East Indies are more mischievous than the West. Do we not know what an everlasting trafficking in corruption is going on in connection with the East Indies? Writerships, Cadetships, Offices, and Sinécures endless, spoil enormous, and, in return, those pretty pieces of service that rivets the chains round our necks. There are, too, the *enormous sums*, paid out of the taxes to the East India Company. Even now it is intimated that *two millions* will be called for during the next Session of Parliament! So, here are we taxed outrageously upon our *salt* and our *malt*, necessities of life produced in our own Island, to give to that hideous and nondescript horde, called the East India Company! I

shall be very anxious to see the part that Mr. HUME will act when the discussions come on relative to this enormous sum. I give that gentleman full credit for the badgering and bating and exposures of last Session; but, I must confess, and it is fair towards him explicitly to say it, that I did not like what he said upon Mr. WALLACE's motion. That *eulogium* of his on the *East Indies* smoked a good deal, I thought, of *Leadenhall-street* and the *Scotch Burghs*. I care less about such things than I did, if the Bank keep paying in gold; because, then, the squeeze will be upon the *Landlords*, and not upon the *labourers* of England; and let the East Indians, help to take from the Landlords the last shilling, with all my heart. But still I do care *something* about it. I would not have a labourer give an hour's sweat in a life time to create a Nabob to come and lord it over him.

I, therefore, shall look with uncommon anxiety, to what Mr. HUME will do in the case of these two millions; for, I apprise him before hand, that I am not for applauding that species of economy, that *retrenches* at the *spicket*, and, at the same time, knocks out the *bung*. However,

as to you, friend CROPPER, all that Doctor Buchanan has written is false, or you are labouring to your utmost to uphold a system of the vilest and cruelist Slavery. You know, as well as I do, that the sugar, the cotton, the rice, the indigo, the all, in short, which your ships bring from the East Indies, is the produce of the sweat and blood of miserable half starved slaves, and that you are instrumental in the perpetrating of their Slavery. But you know a great deal more than this, and that is, that the very country in which this Slavery is carried on, is held by *incessant wars*, which cannot be said, at any rate, of the *West India Islands*. In that ill fated country, there is absolutely *interminable war*. Peace has not been known there for forty years. Long and bloody as were the wars in Europe, from 1792 to 1815, more human blood has been shed in India since 1792, than in Europe. These wars, too, are carried on by *foreigners against the natives* in their own country, and that, too, in a manner absolutely beyond the powers of description! All this *you well know*, yet to that country you send your ships, to bring away the produce, squeezed from the

wasted carcasses of slaves, and this, besides, under the hypocritical pretence of *wishing to discourage Slavery!*

However, such conduct is by no means new in the *trafficking* part of your sect; a sect estimable for many qualities of an excellent description; but, when that *prudence*, which is a great characteristic of the sect, degenerates into *selfishness* and *greediness*, the Quaker becomes the most mischievous, the most perseveringly, most efficiently, most successfully mischievous of all the creatures that God ever made. In America there is always a distinction made between the *mercantile* and the *agricultural* Quaker; and the distinction is not less broad than it is just. That industry, sobriety, excellent economy, simplicity of manners that make the latter so amiable, when pushed to their extremes in the former make him a sly, busy, and grasping knave; at once a hypocrite and a defier of common decency. I have not known much, I thank God, of mercantile Quakers in England; but I must say the little that I have known of them gives me but too much reason to fear that the leaven of New York animates the lump in England. It was, surely, mercantile

Quakers that the Prophet HOSEA had in his eye when he said, "he is a merchant; the balances of deceit are in his hands."

I should here conclude, leaving you to walk out without your brim; but there is *one little thing*, which I will just mention, and which the West Indians, if they like, may laugh at, as I have often done in talking with really good Quakers. This Sect have stood forward as *the emancipators of the blacks*. America contains about forty six or forty seven sorts of Christians. The Quakers have taken great pains to give the blacks schooling, and particularly *religious* instruction. There are a great number of free negroes in all the states, except the four New England States, and there are some even there. Now, friend JAMES, will you be so kind as to tell me how it has come to pass, that there never has been one single *black*, man or woman, that *belonged to a Quaker congregation!* Will you be so good as to answer me that question, friend JAMES? Mind, *I assert the fact to be true*. I challenge the whole sect to prove the contrary. Come; I have got your brim off; look me, therefore, in the face, and tell me how this has happened!

What! Your brother Chris-

tians! Your *equals*, in the eye of God! Your *fellow men*, equal in talent, (as you have a thousand times asserted;) equal in all respects; your *brethren*; and, while they are taken into the congregations of Catholics, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Dutch, Scotch, Irish and Welsh Presbyterians; the Whitfieldite Methodists, the Wesleyan Methodists, the Huntingdonian Methodists, the Baptists, Old, New and Second-hand; the Jumpers, the Tumblers, the Shakers, the Universalists, the Seceders, the Independants, the One God People, the Pow-wowers, and God knows how many sects besides, not one of whom have distinguished themselves in favour of black emancipation. while there are blacks in abundance belonging to every one of all the other sects; there is not, and there never was, *one single black belonging to a Quaker congregation!*

Now, friend JAMES, to what are we to ascribe this singular fact? I am afraid we shall have great difficulty in accounting for it upon any principle consistent with the Quaker's professions. Will you ascribe it to the circumstance that no blacks have been *born* in your society? That will



never do; for, George Fox himself was not born a Quaker. *Proselytes* there must be; and we know that there continually are. And, indeed, you boast of the *Proselytes* you have made in all parts of Europe. Are the blacks, and even those brought up under your own eye, *educated by masters of your own appointment*; are they not sufficiently prepared, not sufficiently visited and moved by the spirit? Take care how you *answer*; for, if you answer in the affirmative you unsay one of the maxims of the emancipators; you acknowledge their *inferiority*, either in intellect or in grace, to the whites; and, if you answer in the negative; if you say that they *are sufficiently prepared*, in point of understanding and of grace, you brand your own sect, in being compelled to acknowledge the fact that not one single-soul, out of the hundreds of thousands that you have fed, reared and educated, *has been found willing to follow your faith!*

This is a dilemma for the stating of which you have to thank your own impertinence and slander, together with the foul conduct of your assured friend ISAAC. And, now, since my hand is in, and seeing that I shall never again

see you in print, let me do justice to poor little BEN. LEY, long since dead, and also justice on his persecutors; for this never should be forgotten, whenever a *Quaker* puts forward his claims to *applause* as a friend to negroe slaves.

I believe it is about sixty years ago if not seventy, that a little hump-backed man, whose name was BENJAMIN LEY, and who was a native of Colchester in England where he was a breeches-maker, went with his wife to the Island of Barbadoes. Naturally of a compassionate disposition and somewhat of an enthusiastic turn of mind, he not only felt great horror at the treatment of the negroe slaves, but gave expression to his feelings, which procured him a trip across the sea, he being thought a rather troublesome inmate. He went to Philadelphia. He was originally a Quaker, or he had become a Quaker, and probably that circumstance more than any other, made him select Pennsylvania as the place to be sent to.

But, alas! "*Friends*" were *slave-holders* then as well as the best of them! And *Friends* being generally the most opulent people, *Friends*, in general, held the greatest number of slaves.

Mark me, then, there appears to be nothing so very criminal, and so naturally and obviously criminal, in this slave holding work; for, if so, the Quakers of that day, were, at any rate, but little in communication with "*the spirit*;" or, if they were, they turned a deaf ear to it, and acted towards BEN. LEY a most unchristian and most *villainous* part.

This little man, bold in mind as he was puny in body, set himself to work to preach up *slave emancipation*, in which work he persevered, for many years, without the smallest effect, and under discouragements and, indeed, sufferings of every description. Being a Quaker, he frequently rose and spoke in their Meeting Houses, exhorting them to be *just in their actions*, as well as *de-mure in their deportment*. He resorted to every means that could suggest itself to an active and zealous mind, to awaken the slave-holding *Friends* to a sense of what he deemed their duty.

There is a tall weed in America, that they call the *Poke*, which bears a berry, extremely full of juice of exactly the colour of *bright-coloured blood*. The little man, upon one occasion, filled a large bladder with the juice of this berry, put the bladder under his great coat, went to the Meeting-House when well filled, made a speech of considerable length, and at the conclusion, having prefaced the act with something very appropriate and extremely impressive, drew a *dagger* from his thigh, stabbed it through the coat and into the bladder, and out came the blood spouting over whoever and whatever happened to be near him.

This scene, though, perhaps, somewhat of the ludicrous all taken together, appears to have produced great effect. The preachings of the little man had sunk deep into many minds; but selfishness and pride still refused to acknowledge conviction; and in revenge for the little man's incessant and just reproaches, the

"*Friends*," after a great number of persecutions of an inferior kind, actually *disowned* him; that is to say, *discarded him from their society*. He lived several years afterwards, and, at last, I believe, before he died, he saw all the negroes, or nearly all, freed in Pennsylvania; but, and mark it, the Quakers, though they freed their negroes, never restored BENJAMIN LEY to their Society!

A book containing a history of his life and actions was published in Philadelphia in 1817. He died in Philadelphia County and, I believe, in the *Township of Abington*, at a very old age, after having led a life the most virtuous that can possibly be conceived. He was buried in a little spot of ground contiguous to the hut in which he had lived. When I was there in 1818, there had been a proposition to erect a monument to his memory, *as the real founder of the emancipation of the slaves*; but, even to this the *present Quakers objected*, least, I suppose, it should call to recollection

the unjust conduct of their forefathers towards him; and I must say that this is almost the only really bad act that I can with truth impute to the great mass of the Quakers of Pennsylvania.

Come, then! friend CROPPER, cheer up! The West India planters are not so very much to blame. They, good souls! only want to get a little sugar and coffee and rum out of the bones of the negroes, and the Quakers of sixty or seventy years ago, and a great deal less, indeed, only wanted to get a little Indian corn and wheat and meat and fruit and whiskey out of the bones of *their* negroes; and, friend JAMES, if *they* who had the spirit to move them and to guide them; and who *said* they had the spirit, too, *mind that!* If *they*, could not perceive the harm of holding negroes in slavery; and could even persecute poor little BENNEY LEY; could scorn him, disown him, discard him as *unworthy of associating with them*, merely because he reproached them with

the holding of slaves, you might, surely, in the plenitude of your modesty, meekness, Christian Charity and brotherly love, have found, whereby to designate the practice of your fellow subjects and neighbours, the West India Planters, some appellation more mild than that of "*most infamous traffick.*"

*Encore un coup*, as the French preachers say at the close of their sermons; *one hit more*, friend Cropper, and I have done. It was your *love of freedom*; your ardent love of freedom, I suppose, that made you one of the supporters of him who made a jest of the "*revered and ruptured Ogden*" who was dragged to a dungeon in chains, at nearly the age of four-score, under the absolute-power-of-imprisonment act! It was your *love of freedom*, too, I suppose, that made you sign a petition against *Peel's Bill*, and with this particular prayer, *in addition* (put against your name), that *cash-payments might never be resumed!*

That is to say, in fact, that the Labouring Classes might *for ever* continue to live in a state of *half starvation*. You were cunning enough to see all the consequences of resuming cash-payments; and, I thank God, that you and *friend Isaac*, are amongst those who now taste of those consequences.

And, now, fare thee well, friend Cropper; and, at parting, take and treasure up in your heart those words of Solomon, which you should have thought of before you broke loose into print: "He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and he that uttereth slander, is a fool."

I am,

"Thy assured friend,"

WM. COBBETT.

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#### LETTER IV.

#### TO THE MONEY-HOARDERS.

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Kensington, 30. July, 1821.

MY FRIENDS,

I have not much more to say to you; for, by this time, you



must see the matter very plainly without any hints from me. The *funds*, you see, have taken another *stoop*; the *exchanges stoop*, and the price of *silver* has *risen*, I am told, *three halfpence an ounce*. Look out for sudden *squalls*, then! I never judge by the *price of stocks*; the wheat and the meat, taken in a view along with the *quantity of the harvest*; these are the things I judge by. The stocks are a mere *gambling concern*; a thing that is to be sensibly affected by a combination amongst a few men; as I have shown in my last. But, we may, in particular cases, look at them, and see the workings of the system in that quarter. If the *exchanges* get *much lower*, the gold will march off out of the country, and the Bank *must stop again*! Mind that! A sovereign will then sell for 23, 24 or 25 shillings! So, push on while you *can*!

Mind what a pretty dilemma the Old Lady will be in. She is compelled *by law* to pay her notes in *standard gold*, in bars of 60

ounces, at 3l. 17s. 10½d. an ounce.

If the price of gold *rise*, the *Jews* (and other people too indeed) will go and get all the bars in a *crack*! And, then, what will she do? Mind, it is nonsense, therefore, to talk of her *pushing out the paper again*, unless *Peel's Bill* be *repealed*; and, really, I begin to fear that this most horrible thing *will be done at last*! What, in that case, I myself shall do God only knows. I shall be so *sorry* to see the gold *sovereigns* disappear and to see even a temporary check given to the prosperity of the *Labouring Classes*; and yet I shall be so *proud*, and so crazy in making preparations for the *feast of the gridiron*, that I am really haunted with some apprehensions for my poor head, which begins to swim at the bare thought of the thing, like the head of a citizen's wife whose husband is about to be knighted. *Claud Scott* and *Coutts Trotter* are, their "*unassailable*" brother *Scotchman* says, made into *Baronets*. He

calls them "*most respectable*" of the Westminster Scholars. As "*gentlemen*," and I agree, that to the probable *time*, it cannot they are quite worthy to rank be till after the parliament has with "*England's Glory*." I met; but, that may be *very early*, dare say their wives' heads have mind. Therefore, especially if it been half-turned for this month meet early, be ready instantly. past. My head is in the like Keep your boots blacked, and state, when it runs upon the *feast* keep oats in your horses; and the of the *gridiron*. I am thinking moment you hear of any notice of how I shall look when my *disci-* a motion about *Peel's Bill*, SET ples crown me with laurel. We OFF!

We will have, please God, neither You, my good friends, the *soldiers* nor *bishops*, neither hairy money hoarders, should constantly caps nor mitres. All shall be bear two things in mind; namely, uncovered but myself, and I will the danger from *forgery* and sit in a place elevated above all *country-bank breaking*, and the others. There shall be no bounds danger from a *reduction of the* to the capers that I will cut. *interest of the debt*. In *fourteen* Be ready, then, my *disciples*. *years* next before the bank stop- ped in 1797, there were THREE capital convictions and FOUR prosecutions for forgery of bank Be ready, for ye know not in of England notes; and, in the what hour I shall summon you to *two years*, 1816 and 1817, there were FIFTY SIX capital con-

my *coronation*. I am really get- ting a *farce* forward to be acted before us upon the occasion. I think of hiring, as actors, a parcel

victions and *two hundred and eighty eight prosecutions!* Since 1817 the forgeries have increased; but, I have not the returns at hand. How large a part of the whole, then, must be forged! Who can reasonably hope to have more than four good notes out of six, if he put them by? As to a *reduction of the interest of the Debt*, that must take place, if Peel's Bill be not repealed. I beg you to mark that. And, if the bill be repealed, will not 20 or 30 sovereigns buy "*a hundred of stock?*" Think of *that*; sell out, therefore, and get *Sovereigns!* It is madness not to do it.

My *little bird* tells me, that very *animated* discussions are going on between *the Old Lady* and the *Stern-path-of-duty men*, and that, too, upon a very delicate subject. They may patch the

matter up, as an open quarrel would be instant ruin to both parties. But, it must come out at last. And, in the meanwhile the *Jew Band* seem to be going on with the Stocks, just as it was intimated, in my last, that they would. If the exchanges get down a little lower, the *blow will be given*; and, that this blow will be given *in September* is, by many well-informed persons, looked upon as certain. Therefore to *sell out* and to *get the sovereigns* is the only rational course.

Gold is *marked* (in the prices current at the *Mint price*; but, it is thought that the *Old Lady* cannot, already get it at *that price!* This, therefore, is a lively sort of trade for the dame! I have heard of strange things about her affairs; but, at any rate, we know that she stopped, in 1797, *unlawfully*, without a moment's notice. Surely,

then, that man must be a fool indeed, who expects *any notice* now, when she may *lawfully stop* whenever she pleases. If she stop, there will be *no notice*; for a notice would burst her sides with customers. She cannot give any notice. Mind, if she stop *now*, the funds fall instantly *ten*, and, possibly, *thirty* per centum. What a figure will a fund-holder cut the next day!

There are some of the tribe of the *system* who pretend to believe, that I have been "*out this time*" in my predictions. *What time*, good folks? Why, I said, that the Bank *could never pay in cash*, and she *does pay*. Did I ever say she could not pay *a shilling in the pound*? Did I ever say, that she could not *begin* to pay? But, after all, is it *paying*, when she can stop by *law* at her pleasure? Is she paying now in *Lancashire*

where they are *making country notes* to supply the place of her *notes*? It is a mere *experiment* that she is trying. It will be time enough to talk of my predictions having *failed*, when she shall have paid the year through. However, let her get through the *Christmas dividend*, and then I shall begin to think her a good old girl; somewhat *battered* indeed, but still a hearty old piece of stuff.

If stock-holders do not choose to lay the gold by in their chests, there is *land* enough, and, God knows, *cheap enough*. Two farms, within my own knowledge, have been sold, since the date of my last Register, as follows:

One, 204 Acres, for 2,550*l*.

One, 114 Acres, for 1,500*l*.

Both within *three miles* of the market town of *East Grinstead*; both *freehold*, *tithe-free*, and



*land-tax redeemed!* The former is at 12*l.* and the latter at 13*l.* *an acre*; and, if we allow for the tithe and land-tax, it brings the former to less than 8 *pounds an acre*, and the latter to a little more than 8 *pounds an acre*. And, mind I reckon the tithes only at 3*s.* *an acre a year!* Think of this ye Stock-holders. Ye may become lords of manors for a handful of scrip that a *puff* may blow away for ever! But, still, I advise you to *hoard* the money a little while, if you can; for, when the paper begins to make a blaze, land will be *lower still*.

Pray, think too, a little bit, how *landlords are to get on*, if land sell thus! And think of the *kind feelings* which they will have towards *you!* In short, you must be *mad*, stark-staring mad, if you need another word on the subject. And, indeed, I am happy

to hear, that you are getting out of the Old Beldam's Books with all convenient haste.

There are some stock-holders, who are such *against their will*; who are in the hands of *foolish* or *wicked Executors* or *Trustees*. In my next, I shall point out how such persons may *secure themselves*.

WM. COBBETT.

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TO THE  
MAN OF £20,000.

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This gentleman, who signs himself, J. S. asks me, whether I “do not think, that, to a person  
“advanced in life, and with  
“20,000*l.* at command, America  
“may not afford as much *comfort*, and hope of *quiet*, as any  
“part of the world.” Along with this question should have come a clear definition of the *meaning* which the writer at-

taches to the words *comfort* and *quiet*. If, by *comfort*, he mean plenty to eat, drink and wear, he can get that, with his money, just as well in one country as in another. If he mean, in addition, a good warm house and fire and bedding, in winter, these he may have in America as well as in England. If to these must be added *cool days in summer*, he may have plenty in this country and *wet* and even *cold* into the bargain; but *there*, he can have little *cool*, while he will find no *chill* or *drip*. If he carry his ideas further than these, and want a little *coddling up*. If he want his morning egg boiled to a second, nice little tit bits for dinner, his bed warmed, his shirt aired, his shoes set by the fire against he gets up, and if, to a negro-wench with cap the colour of the devil and smell like

that of an unfortunate butcher's shop late of a Saturday night in the dogs-days, he *greatly* prefer having all these things done by a servant maid with white-apron and dry and clean skin; if such be his wants and such his taste, he would do well to remain where he is.—As to *quiet*, does he mean the *absence of danger* or the absence of *noise*? The effectual way to avoid the latter is to go to the *Illinois*, or, which is much about the same thing, *under ground at once*. As to the former, I have no idea of *danger* to a man with 20,000*l.* in *his pocket*! Besides, if his turn be for *quiet*, who will disturb him? To be quiet is all that even *Sidmouth* asks.—But, if a man have 20,000*l.* in his pocket; if he have a *family* to *make safe*; if he have a mind to keep the principal for them, and not let it

go bit by bit to furnish holders and other tax-eaters, to live well his own life out on the interest, and if his family can *stir about, serve themselves a little*, and not carry with them the silly notion that their money is to make others start and run to them at the *sound of a bell*, but be disposed to talk and laugh and make free with everybody, then America is the place for him by all means.

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MARY ANN CARLILE,

AND THE

*TIMES NEWSPAPER.*

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The brutal attack of the Times Newspaper on this young woman, at a moment when she was under the claws of the *Society of Vice*, and its subsequent attack on her when actually under *conviction*, is so much like its conduct in the case of the brave and unfortunate

*Cashman*, that I shall endeavour, in my next, to place this vile medium of slander and exhortations to cruelty in its proper light. Upon a hundred different occasions has this execrable paper called for the prosecution of others on the score of *sedition libel*. The *two women*, whose names appeared some time back (I will see whether it be the same now) expressed *their pleasure* (for, if they have the profit let them take the odium) at the finding of MAJOR CARTWRIGHT, Mr. WOOLER and the other gentlemen, guilty, at *Warwick*; and, they afterwards cited this, which was a proof of their business, as a proof of their *loyalty*! They have repeatedly done the same as to Mr. Carlile, his wife and sister; just as they did in the case of *Cashman*. These two profligate she-proprietors of newspapers shall

now take a walk out and show themselves. They have been *behind the screen* long enough.

Their business, their tygress-like cruelty towards Mrs. Carlile and the sister of Mr. Carlile, merits a dragging forth by somebody. They shall have it, as *soon as my inquiries respecting them are completed*. The still

baser thing who, in the shape, or, rather, under the *name* of man, skulks under their petticoats, is a wretch too callous to be made to feel. In the meanwhile let us see what these two literary termagants can themselves do in the way of *sedition libel*. In one of their papers, which I have now before me, and which has been *sent* me (for, no news-paper do I ever *buy*, except on account of some particular debate), contains the following two paragraphs:—

“The people of this country are

“heavily taxed for the support of a  
“*large standing army* intended to  
“*coerce them into submission to*  
“*ministerial misrule*. This naturally  
“increases the discontent it is meant  
“to subdue, and men view even our  
“veteran soldiery with *suspicion and*  
“*displeasure*; while the deepest in-  
“*dignation* is felt against the geo-  
“*manry* for their base subserviency  
“to arbitrary power.”

The other paragraph is too long to quote here; but, it charges *the king* with twice offering the *government* to Lord Grey and his friends, *if they would carry on the prosecution against the Queen*.

Now, Mr. EVANS, the poor silly Rumpite, late of Manchester, is, at the prosecution of the Crown, carried on by “Glory’s” own Lawyer, Scarlett, that leader, that moving orator, who, when pleading of big Glory, “wiped, or seemed to wipe some  
“kindly drops;” yea, this poor



tool of the Westminster Rump stationed at Manchester to trumpet forth Glory in the North; this poor thing is actually cooling *his constitution in Lancaster Jail for a year* for "libelling the army," and insinuating only, that it was kept up for the purposes of misrule.

As to the other paragraph, who has ever, before, put forth such a libel against the king? The thing is *false*, too, upon the face of it; and, if it do come from the quarter that it is said to come from, it is the *basest* and most *treacherous* thing, too, that ever was heard of. For, if the Whigs were offered place; if they "might have repealed *Six Acts* and introduced *Economy* and *Reform* on condition of their carrying on the prosecution against the Queen," why did they not (if at liberty) make the

fact known *at the time*; and, if not at liberty, their present promulgation of it is a most foul and malignant attack upon the king, and quite worthy of the vehicle through which it comes.

I should be glad to know what special *privilege* this Times newspaper has. I should be glad to know, why those things are not punished in it, which are punished in every other case. There never was any thing published by Mr. Carlile, his wife, or his sister, a thousandth part so libellous as this accusation against the king, made on the authority, real or pretended, of the Whigs; for, if the king, did offer them to come in and *repeal Six-Acts*, to give us *Reform* and to adopt *Economy*, and, if he would not let them do these things, unless they would *carry on the prosecution against his wife*, it is impos-

sible to find words descriptive of our just indignation at his conduct. The thing is *false*, as I said before, upon the face of it; for, what *motive* could the king have to make the Whigs such an offer, when his present Ministers had actually commenced the prosecution?

Again I ask what is the '*special privilege*' which this noisy, bullying bullying news-paper has? Ignorant, slanderous, base, cruel; every thing that is at once despicable and wicked: endeavouring to harden the heart of the public against every unfortunate victim; endeavouring to add to the sufferings of every such person; and, at the same time bellowing out a parcel of clamour about the "liberty of the press!" It is time the public attention were directed seriously towards this base and villainous thing; that it

may not any longer help, by its fell malignity, to sacrifice victim after victim; to rob the sufferers even of the compassion of their neighbours; to make that *cruel*, which, of itself, would have been more than sufficiently *severe*.

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#### COTTAGE-ECONOMY.

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The first number of this little work, price 3d. was published last week. As I said before, *Six-Acts* compel me to bring the Numbers out *Monthly*, and I have not to thank *Mackintosh* that I can bring them out at all, *except at Botany Bay*! Oh, thank God, Whigs were not in power when those acts were passed! We have, by one means and

another, scrambled over *that ditch*; and we get on now pretty well without the assistance of *Whigs*.—There will be about *Six Numbers* in the whole; and, I think they will be extensively useful; for, though my great object is to contribute, as much as I can, towards the happiness and independence of the *Labouring Classes*, my work necessarily points out numerous things of great consequence to the families of *tradesmen*, and of persons especially who have *small pieces of land*, and more particularly near to great towns. How many hundreds of tons of meat and of butter might be raised from those innumerable plats of ground, which now yield nothing but a bad supply of table vegetables; and while, too, the vegetables would be more abundant, and the whole thing much more interest-

ing!—This little work promises to have a very wide circulation, which is very gratifying to me.

The *Sixth Sermon* was published last Saturday. It is entitled the *SLUGGARD*; and I recommend it to the attention of every one, who finds the Devil tempting him to lie in bed in the morning, or to wish to live on the labour of others, either in the character of peculator, unworthy pensioner, or pauper.

The *Book on Gardening* will be published on *Saturday next*. It has *four plates*. The price is 5s. ~ bound in boards. *Lord Bacon* is said to have read a whole barrow load of books on Agriculture and on Gardening, and then to have caused them to be carried into his court-yard (as little spiteful Perceval did *the Book*!) and *set fire to*; because, none of

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| them contained <i>any principles</i> .<br>This is really the case with all the<br>books of this description that I<br>ever read, except that of TULL.<br>We have Calendars, Lists, Rules, | Directions, in abundance; but<br><i>no principles</i> . We are told<br>to <i>do this</i> , and that the thing<br><i>is thus</i> ; but are never told<br><i>why</i> . |
|---|--|



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## EDINBURGH REVIEW.

I cannot bring myself to lay out *money* on this thing, and yet I want to see a Number of it, *now-and-then*, to know what the *seelosofer*s are at, or would be at. If any one can *lend* me an odd Number, at any time, containing any thing worthy of notice, worth *flogging* the spiteful and stupid fellows for, I wish he would lend it me. I am settled at Kensington for *four years*; and, during that time, I shall have leisure to *choak off* the whole pack of Scotch blood-hounds. The *blood-hounds*, mind; for, those Scotchmen who *labour lawfully*, in any calling, and who do not aim at our blood, I like just as well as I do Englishmen of the same description; and I do, indeed, like the main part of them a little better, because

they are, in general, more *sober*.

—I have heard of a vile article of these Reviewers on *Dean Swift*.

I should be obliged to any one that would *lend* it me. It was, I am told, published while I was in America.\*

Thanks to a "*Looker-On*" and "*A Friend*." I will, in my next, endeavour to show, that their information is not thrown away upon me.

An *old Correspondent* is informed, that, if there be *left* any of the Register, containing the *first Letter* to Daddy Cropper, they will be to be had at the Office, No. 1, Clement's Inn. He should send out some of the *second Letter* by all means, if he wish the Planters to have a *laugh*. This is the way to fight *hypocrites*. They should always be considered as *fraudulent impostors*, and kicked and cuffed accordingly. To treat such men as *gentlemen* is to give them *countenance*.

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